

A man Who Has Killed 33 Men by Accident.

Casoli Paracrotti, a New York push-cart pedler of bananas, who lives in squalid quarters in the basement of No. 140 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street, is the most unfortunate man alive. Utterly lacking, so far as known, in criminal instincts, yet he has been responsible for the sudden and violent end of thirty-three men.

Since he was sixteen years of age he has lived in an atmosphere of death and disaster. His course through life has been a train of misfortune to all those with whom he came in contact. He is to-day but thirty-eight years of age, yet he looks like an old man. There is a strange analogy in his life to that of the fabled Claudio, who, under the curse of the gods, was doomed to cause the death of any one to whom he was kind, and unable to escape the terrible fate that attended him because his immortality was decreed by the angered deities.

It is a strange curse that hangs over Paracrotti. He lives the lonely life of his kind, dreading the advent of the next tragedy in the chain which he believes must go on until his own death shall finally have come.

In the company of Frank Baretti, an interpreter assigned to duty among the immigrants on Ellis Island, a Sunday Journal reporter visited Paracrotti in his not-so-little den. It was night, and he had been pushing his cart over the streets all day. He is a man of morose demeanor, as well he might be, and he sat on the side of his rag-covered couch, with his head bowed in his hands, and gave no sign for five minutes, while the interpreter rattled along in his native tongue.

After persistent questioning this is the strange history which Paracrotti related to the interpreter, a little bit at a time.



Paracrotti, Who Has Killed 33 Men Accidentally.

Paracrotti has been in New York City less than three months. Every day he sells fruit or other merchandise from push cart No. 68. Of all the Italians of his kind in the metropolis he alone does not look forward to the day when, having acquired a few hundred dollars, he will return to the sunny land of his birth.

He was born in a small town at the extreme southern end of Italy, known on the map as Castell 'a Mare. At sixteen he was employed by a foreign nobleman as a sort of gamekeeper on a splendid estate overlooking the Mediterranean. The section was overrun with poachers, a desperate class who looked upon keepers and wardens as game.

Paracrotti was an inventive genius and failing to make much headway against the encroachments of the poachers, he invented a sort of infernal machine for their undoing. It was a trap to be set up on the ground and the young inventor claimed that it would do no harm more than to kill any one who tampered with it. The machine consisted of a wire trap to be baited with live birds. An explosive bomb was so arranged that when this cage was raised the bomb was exploded. One day he was explaining the workings of his device to a party of interested persons in a barn on the estate, when it was accidentally exploded, and three men, one of whom was his employer's eldest son and he, were killed. Paracrotti suffered the loss of two fingers.

In great fear he fled from the estate, and travelling into the interior, sought shelter with his brother and brother-in-law near Terra del Mauro, where they ran a stage line.

One day Paracrotti became angry at a vicious horse and threw a stone at it. The missile flew wide, but struck his brother on the head and killed him. Paracrotti was arrested, but was acquitted, as the accidental nature of the homicide was apparent.

He now returned to the employ of his brother-in-law. In the barn there were two bottles, one containing a horse liniment of a poisonous character, the other brandy. One day Paracrotti, needing the bottle containing the liniment, which was the larger of the two, drank the brandy, and poured the liniment into the smaller bottle, which he returned to its usual shelf. Three weeks later the brother-in-law picked up the bottle of supposed brandy, took a large drink, and died that night in great agony. Paracrotti was arrested on suspicion of having murdered his relative, but was discharged on trial. There was now a prejudice against Paracrotti in the vicinity, and he went away.

Paracrotti now went to work in a tunnel. The work was rendered difficult by apertures under water courses. During the day temporary gates were used to dam up the

water. At night the gates were opened, the flood released and the water would run off during the night. These gates were worked by hand levers, and to this work Paracrotti was detailed.

One evening, supposing that the men were all out of the tunnel, poor Paracrotti gave the signal to open the gates. Twenty-one belated laborers were caught in the flood, and every one was drowned. Fearing the vengeance of his fellow-laborers, Paracrotti fled that night, haunted now with the memory of twenty-six human souls gone to their last account at his hands.

He found his way to Pazzanoli, on the sea-coast, where he secured employment on a freight boat. On his third voyage along the coast he was stricken with fever. He was at once isolated from the crew. In those days water was denied a fever patient, except in small doses. The stricken man, tossing with parched throat, saw that his guard had fallen asleep. So he crept from his hammock, made his way to the water tank, plunged his burning head into its cooling depth, and drank his fill. The fever germs once in the drinking water, the disease spread among the crew, and six of them died. This brought the gruesome record of deaths up to thirty-two.

The survivors were taken to a shore hospital. One day, while the convalescents were sitting in the hospital park, one of the crew accused Paracrotti of having infected the ship, and attempted to assault him. He was too weak to defend himself, but a mesquite took up the quarrel, and in the desperate fight with knives which followed Paracrotti's defender was slain.

It was then that Paracrotti determined to leave Italy. He arrived in New York last March, and through Baretti's influence secured a license to peddle. On the first day

A Sunday Law Comedy of New York.

Interior of a saloon in New York under the new Raines law last Sunday afternoon. At the back of the room are large plates of sandwiches labeled "5c"; they have the appearance of having been rather frequently handled, not to say pawed. Tables are provided for the convenience of those customers who don't care to put the sandwiches in their pockets and those who don't drink their beer in one gulp. The waiters are very busy. The room is filled with customers, reporters, and the smell of liquor.

CHORUS.
Fill the merry Sunday glass!
Toast the legislation grand which
Lets us happy hours thus pass,
Unalloyed save by a sandwich!
Quaff, oh, quaff the Sunday beer!
Care and worryment dispel!
It is plain there's naught to fear—
Drink to the saloon-hotel!

Much pounding of glasses, and calls for more spirituous consolation. In the uproar an ordinary citizen arises, and, waving his schooner on high, sings the following affecting effusion:

SONG.
The Sunday law was a throb of awe
To me some months ago,
And I was told I was over-bold
If I dared my nose to blow.
I knew it was wrong to sing a song,
And wicked to kiss my wife,
And I would be jailed if letters I mailed
On Sunday, or lose my life!

Enter customer, hurriedly.
CUSTOMER (sitting down and addressing waiter, noisily)—Gimme a quick, see?
WAITER—Where's yer meal?
CUSTOMER—Me meal? What meal? D'jer take me fer a feed store?
WAITER—You don't get no beer without yer buys a meal. Sandwiches five cents each.
CUSTOMER—Aw, water givin' me? I only got five cents.
CITIZEN WHO SANG—Here, I don't want this meal I bought. Denna, I'll make the house a present of it. Now you can give it to this gentleman here.
WAITER—Dat don't go, sir. We ain't allowed to give meals away, 'cos dat's free lunch. Dere might be spies here.
CITIZEN—Well, I'll sell my sandwich to him and he can pwe me the money. (To customer)—Now you can have yer beer.
WAITER (dubiously)—Well, I s'pose it's all right. I'll be beer.
Attention of all present is drawn to the man who has just got five cents to spend on such an occasion as this, and everybody treats him. He is finally left out on the sidewalk in a blustering state of alcoholic coma. He is there discovered by two policemen, one of whom hauls him off to a dungeon deep and the other enters the saloon, and, after glancing round, accosts the head waiter, whom he knows.
POLICEMAN—You'll have to come along, Denna.
WAITER—Nim!
POLICEMAN—No funny business. Put on your coat, now.
CITIZEN—Why is it, Officer, that you don't arrest the man who has his saloon wide open across the street?
POLICEMAN—That man keeps a hotel.
WAITER—So does we.
POLICEMAN—No, you don't. He has ten bedrooms, and that makes a hotel under the law.
WAITER—Well, we've got ten bedrooms, too. Go upstairs and see 'em. Policeman goes upstairs and is heard marching about. In a few minutes he returns.
POLICEMAN—Nine bedrooms, that's all. You'll have to come along, Denna. Don't try and get away with me.
WAITER (in affected surprise)—On'y nine rooms? Well, there's ten, see? (Falls out small door back of wall and displays diminutive couch, covered with saloon towel, and doll's basin and jug).
POLICEMAN (with fervor)—(exit).
WAITER (proudly)—Ha, ha! Customers pass in and out, and it is a day of great rejoicing. The right closes with the echoes of the chorus:
Fill the merry Sunday glass!
Toast the legislation grand which
Lets us happy hours thus pass,
Unalloyed save by a sandwich!

Tallest Man in the World and Still Growing.

HENRY ALEXANDER COOPER, of Auburn, N. Y., is the tallest man in the world. He is now eight and one-half feet in height, and although he is thirty-six years of age he is still growing. Here are a few measurements of this giant recently taken.

Distance from wrist to the end of third finger, thirteen inches; feet, seventeen inches long; fingers can span sixteen inches; weight at one time, 406 pounds; weight at present, 375 pounds.

About every six or eight months Cooper is taken sick, suffering from a weakness of the joints and muscles, which lasts from a week to a month. When he recovers he finds that he has grown taller.

It was during such a sickness when sixteen years of age that he made his greatest growth. He then grew twenty-six inches in a few weeks. His appetite has always been rather light, and he does not eat as much as many ordinary men.

Cooper's enormous height can be judged from the fact that he is at present very nearly two feet taller than Chang, the famous Chinese giant, who was exhibited by P. T. Barnum. Chang measured six feet seven inches, while Cooper measures eight feet six inches.

Chang was regarded as one of the tallest men in the world. P. T. Barnum said that although he searched the world over for half a century, he never could find a human being who could reach the eight-foot mark. In 1880 Barnum hired Cooper, but the latter at that time was a shade under eight feet.

Nevertheless Cooper easily headed the line at the congress of giants which Barnum got together. There is no record in past ages of a man having reached such a height as Cooper, and no genuine skeleton of an alleged giant is so big as his.

A few days ago he stood up before the camera alongside of one of the tallest men in Auburn and had his photograph taken. His friend, although five feet ten inches in height, looked like a boy beside the giant.

Cooper was born at York, in England, March 12, 1860. His two brothers and three sisters are all of ordinary size. Forepaugh, the showman, induced him to come to America.



Mr. Cooper, Who Can't Stop Growing.

Fantastic Ideas for the Paris Exposition.

THE directors of the Paris Exposition of 1900 have not yet found a "clon" to their liking for the great French world's fair, though so many projects have been submitted to them that a new word, "cloutier," has been coined to describe a person who thinks that he alone possesses the great idea which will make the exposition a success.

Among the latest features which have been suggested to the Commission Superieure of the coming Paris show are a few which rise above the mediocre and commonplace and are so fantastic that they might be considered the products of disordered brains. M. Eugene Jan, of Grenoble, for instance, proposes the construction of an "Arc de Triomphe of the twentieth century, which shall pass in a gigantic, graceful curve over the Eiffel Tower."

In the way of palaces the suggestions are numerous and varied. M. Gouvernet, of Saint-Dizier, has a plan for a "Palace of Orpheus, with a condenser of harmony." Exactly how the harmony is to be condensed has not been made public. M. Peyrussou suggests the erection in exact reproduction of the "Palace of Tamerlane at Samarcand, surrounded by a corner of the city transplanted bodily with all its inhabitants." M. Viziox would be content if the directors would adopt his plan and build a vast "Temple to Love." Most of these "cloutiers" look askance at each other, but M. Viziox and M. Falconnier are exceptions, for their ideas seem to fit in remarkably well together.

M. Falconnier's original plan was a "Palace for a Beauty Contest," but he expresses himself as willing to put his show in his friend's structure.

Probably the most daring and original spirit is M. Jodice, of Paris, who suggests simply the reproduction of Vesuvius in full eruption and the ruins of Herculaneum.

Of those who would revive the Hanging Gardens of Babylon there are a dozen who are pushing their idea with all their power, but this project is surpassed by M. Morpessier's idea of a vast series of gardens suspended in air by five captive balloons.

M. Kautner, of Paris, aims yet higher, for he proposes to glid the Eiffel Tower, which is what one might call a gigantic task, for its cost in time and money would be enormous.

Fowls Talk to Each Other Just as People Do.

Fowls can talk! There is no question that they talk volubly among themselves and that they have a well-defined, well-sustained vocabulary. These birds are the barnyard fowls, the roosters and hens, and it must be confessed that, true to the traditions of their sex, the hens do most of the talking.

The notations that are introduced in this article are for the purpose of illustrating the reflections which have been mentioned as characteristic of hen's talk. They must not, however, be sung, but are guides to imitation. The notation of an actor's speech would, in the same way, show a great variety of intervals and much varied length of notes, but could only be used imitatively in the speaking voice. The best instrumental medium for an imitation of the fowl form of speech would, I should think, be the violin.

Here, for instance, is the well-known speech of the hen after laying an egg:

Keck-keck-keck-keck-keck-keck—Ah

The quick, monotonous repetition of the "keck, keck," before the break, queerly enough, always runs in twos or their multiple, and though it seldom runs to more than eight, there are times when the iteration is very much more prolonged. While this repetition varies according to the disposition of the hen, there is but one variation of sound—it is either "keck-keck," or "keck-keck." The break begins with a dropped note of somewhat longer duration than those preceding and then comes an octave's rise on a slur, and the well-sustained sound "ah" in an open note.

Very different indeed to this noisy announcement is the quiet babble that is carried on by the hens when feeding alone. It is this:

Kuh-uh-uh Kuh-uh-uh

It may be described as a low shrilling, with a far-reaching quality. It is made by hens and roosters alike, and the chickens soon learn to imitate and make it. Its effect is instantaneous. At its sound all the gallinaceous family go straddling to cover except the bravest of the roosters, who keeps his golden-black eye cocked skyward until the menacing blotch against the sky has disappeared.

All the rooster talk, it should be mentioned—except, of course, that brilliant exception, the crow—seems to be of this low-pitched, guttural character. When talking out with his companions, he also talks "wee-ah," the sound is quite as soothing as away down in his spurs in this fashion:

Tuck-ah-ah-tuck-tuck-tuck-tuck-ah

When chantecler is really excited, however, he breaks the record. Let anything frighten his domain; let a strange dog appear; let there be general scurrying among the hens, or one of his brothers be chased down for supper, and with a jerk his wattled head is thrown up and he calls out: "Well, well, well! What's the matter?" in this fashion:

Heck-keck-keck Ah, keck-ah

The second syllable rises a full note above the first and third, while the end of the query comes in a descending chromatic scale, that shows what eleventh-hour efforts the rooster is capable of when roused to it. These are but the principal, the more pronounced, forms of the fowl vocabulary, which doubtless is far fuller of shades of expression than we will ever arrive at. It is no repetition to say that these cries, calls and declamations merit the classification of speech. They are established forms of communication, and are uttered and understood as such. They represent fixed ideas, and are always used under the relatively same circumstances and bring about the relatively same results. And therefore, without the faintest attempt at being didactic, it is claimed that the point is established—fowls talk.

While the term "talking" is used, it should not be understood to imply that Chantecler and Dame Partlett hold sustained converse on the grasshopper crop or the condition of the various broods, but it will be shown that fowls talk in that they use well-defined sounds, representing set ideas. It is true that their speech is mainly of the ejaculatory order, but it is none the less talk. All the vowel sounds are used, but so far as I have been able to observe, the consonants are limited to g, k, ck, h, ch and sh.

Keck-keck-keck-keck-keck-keck Keck-keck-keck-keck-keck

It is a particularly gentle and pleasing little bit of chatter, and when a number of smug and garrulous hens go about the grass, softly calling "keck-ah, wee-ah," each other with the answering "wee-ah, wee-ah," the sound is quite as soothing as away down in his spurs in this fashion:

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